



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ART. IX.—*Tales of the North West, or Sketches of Indian Life and Character, by a Resident beyond the Frontier.*
18mo. Boston. 1830.

This little volume is understood to be the production of a young writer, who has grown up among the wild scenes of the North-Western frontier of our country, and being now restored to the abodes of civilized life, has given us the fruits of his experience in the form of tales. We have had some reason to suppose that the North-West coast was a pretty good school, and the work before us will go far to extend this favorable prepossession to the internal regions in that quarter of the continent. Considering the circumstances under which it was prepared, we look upon it as one of much promise. The descriptions of nature, both living and inanimate, have a striking air of truth and fidelity, and the style of execution is marked throughout with great freedom and power. There are no doubt obvious symptoms of immature taste, and a too rapid preparation; but these are defects that are naturally and easily corrected when there is talent at bottom. If in his future attempts the author will bestow more care and reflection upon the arrangement of his materials, and allow himself more time for composition and revision, we think we can assure him a decided success.

The characters that figure in these narratives are the Indians, the half-breeds, and the American and English hunters, that roam through the vast solitudes of the Missouri territory, and are all different varieties of the same general character. The representation given by our author of the manners of the natives is somewhat less poetical, but probably more true than that of Cooper. The leading traits of the picture are, however, substantially the same which appear in his delineations, and which, with few or no important discrepancies, have been assigned by almost all observers to the aboriginal inhabitants of our continent. The Indians furnish undoubtedly one of the most favorable specimens of savage life that have yet been met with. The striking similarity between their state of society and that of the ancient Germans, as described by Tacitus, has been often pointed out, particularly by Robertson and Herder, and is obvious to the most cursory inspection. Whether the natives of our continent, had they been left to pursue their own course,

would have made a progress in civilisation, corresponding with that which has taken place in Europe, is a curious question, which it is now impossible ever to solve. It is much to be regretted, that political events of an accidental character are likely to defeat the only effort that has yet been made with a probability of success for bringing any portion of the natives within the pale of civilisation. The southwestern tribes had within a few years apparently overcome the first and greatest obstacles to improvement, and it is peculiarly unfortunate that just at this moment a combination of local and sectional interests should have operated to prevent the progress of this interesting experiment, and probably in the end to remove from our territory the tribes in which it was going on.

The tales contained in the volume before us are generally short. The longest, entitled the *Bois Brulé* (*Burnt Wood*, the French name for a half-breed), is not in our opinion the best. It is in fact the one in which, from its length, a want of maturity in plan and style would naturally be most observable. Among the most spirited and pleasing is the one entitled *Payton Skah*, or the White Otter, which we extract entire as a specimen of the author's manner.

'We have before intimated that we cannot pretend to much accuracy with regard to dates. So we are not certain that the events we are about to relate did not happen five centuries ago, perhaps more; but it is probable that the time was not so remote. Be that as it may, we shall give the facts in the same order in which tradition hands them down.

'The Dahcotahs were at war with the Mandans. Many were the onslaughts they made on each other, and long were they remembered. Among the Sioux warriors who struck the post, and took the war path, none was more conspicuous than Payton Skah, or the White Otter. He belonged to the Yankton band. When he returned from the field with his head crowned with laurels, or, more properly with his bridle rein adorned with Mandan scalps, the seniors of the tribe pointed to him and exhorted their sons to ride, to draw the bow, and to strike the enemy like Payton Skah.

'Payton Skah was a husband and a father. As soon as he was reckoned a man, and able to support a family, he had taken to his bosom the young and graceful Tahtokah (The Antelope), thought to be the best hand at skinning the buffalo, making moccasins, whitening leather, and preparing marrow fat, in the tribe. She was not, as is common among the Dahcotahs, car-

ried an unwilling or indifferent bride to her husband's lodge. No, he had lighted his match in her father's tent, and held it before her eyes, and she had blown it out, as instigated by love to do. And when he had espoused her in form, her affection did not diminish. She never grumbled at pulling off his leggins and moccasins when he returned from the chase, nor at drying and rubbing them till they became soft and pliant. A greater proof of her regard was, that she was strictly obedient to her mother-in-law. And Payton Skah's attachment, though his endearments were reserved for their private hours, was not less than hers. No woman in the camp could show more wampum and other ornaments than the wife of the young warrior. He was even several times known, when she had been to bring home the meat procured by his arrows, to relieve her of a part of the burthen by taking it upon his own manly shoulders. In due time, she gave him a son; a sure token that however many more wives he might see proper to take he would never put her away. The boy was the idol of his old grandmother, who could never suffer him out of her sight a moment, and used constantly to prophecy, that he would become a brave warrior and an expert horse-stealer; a prediction that his manhood abundantly verified.

'In little more than a year the youngster was able to walk erect. About this time the band began to feel the approach of famine. Buffaloes were supposed to abound on the river Des Moines, and thither Payton Skah resolved to go. His mother had cut her foot while chopping wood and was unable to travel; but she would not part with her grandchild. Tahtokah unwillingly consented to leave her boy behind, at the request of her husband, which indeed she never thought of disputing. One other family accompanied them. They soon reached the Des Moines, and encamped on its banks. Many wild cattle were killed, and much of their flesh was cured. The young wife now reminded her spouse that his mother must by this time be able to walk, and that she longed to see her child. In compliance with her wishes he mounted his horse and departed, resolved to bring the rest of the band to the land of plenty.

'At his arrival his compatriots, on his representations, packed up their baggage and threw down their lodges. A few days brought them to where he had left his wife and her companions. But the place was desolate. No voice hailed their approach; no welcome greeted their arrival. The lodges were cut to ribbons, and a bloody trail marked where the bodies of their inmates had been dragged into the river. Following the course of the stream, the corpses of all but Tahtokah were found on the shores and sand-bars. Hers was missing, but this gave her husband no consolation. He knew that neither Sioux nor Mandans

spared sex or age, and supposed it to be sunk in some eddy of the river. And Mandans, the marks the spoilers had left behind them, proved them to be.

‘ Now Payton Skah was, for an Indian, a kind and affectionate husband. The Sioux mothers wished their daughters might obtain partners like him; and it was proverbial to say of a fond couple, that they loved like Payton Skah and Tahtokah. Yet on this occasion, whatever his feelings might have been, he uttered no sigh, he shed no tear. But he gave what was, in the eyes of his co-mates, a more honorable proof of his grief. He vowed that he would not take another wife, nor cut his hair, till he had killed and scalped five Mandans. And he filled his quiver, saddled his horse, and raised the war-song immediately. He found followers, and departed incontinently. At his return but three obstacles to his second marriage remained to be overcome.

‘ In the course of the year he fulfilled the conditions of his vow. The five scalps were hanging in the smoke of his lodge, but he evinced no inclination towards matrimony. On the contrary, his countenance was sorrowful, he pined away, and every one thought he was in a consumption. His mother knew his disposition better. Thinking, not unwisely, that the best way to drive the old love out of his head was to provide him a new one, she, with true female perseverance, compelled him by teasing and clamor to do as she wished.

‘ So the old woman selected Chuntay Washtay (The Good Heart), for her son, and demanded her of her parents, who were not sorry to form such a connexion. The bride elect herself showed no alacrity in the matter; but this was too common a thing to excite any surprise or comment. She was formally made over to Payton Skah, and duly installed in his lodge.

‘ He was not formed by nature to be alone. Notwithstanding the contempt an Indian education inculcates for the fair sex, he was as sensible to female blandishments as a man could be. Though his new wife was by no means so kind as the old one, yet as she fulfilled the duties of her station with all apparent decorum, he began to be attached to her. His health improved, he was again heard to laugh, and he hunted the buffalo with as much vigor as ever. Yet when Chuntay Washtay, as she sometimes would, raised her voice higher than was consistent with conjugal affection, he would think of his lost Tahtokah and struggle to keep down the rising sigh.

‘ A young Yankton who had asked Chuntay Washtay of her parents previous to her marriage, and who had been rejected by them, now became a constant visiter in her husband’s lodge. He came early, and staid and smoked late. But as Payton Skah saw no appearance of regard for the youth in his wife, he felt no

uneasiness. If he had seen what was passing in her mind, he would have scorned to exhibit any jealousy. He would have proved by his demeanor 'that his heart was strong.' He was destined ere long to be more enlightened on this point.

'His mother was gone with his child, on a visit to a neighboring camp, and he was left alone with his wife. It was reported that buffaloes were to be found at a little oasis in the prairie, at about the distance of a day's journey, and Chuntay Washtay desired him to go and kill one, and hang its flesh up in a tree out of the reach of the wolves. "You cannot get back to night," she said, "but you can make a fire and sleep by it, and return to-morrow. If fat cows are to be found there we will take down our lodge and move."

'The White Otter did as he was desired. His wife brought his beautiful black horse, which he had selected and stolen from a drove near the Mandan village, to the door of the lodge. He threw himself on its back, and having listened to her entreaties that he would be back soon, rode away.

'His gallant steed carried him to the place of his destination with the speed of the wind. The buffaloes were plenty, and in the space of two hours he had killed and cut up two of them. Having hung the meat upon the branches, he concluded that as he had got some hours of daylight, he would return to his wife. He applied the lash, and arrived at the camp at midnight.

'He picketed his horse carefully, and bent his way to his own lodge. All was silent within, and the dogs, scenting their master, gave no alarm. He took up a handful of dry twigs outside the door and entered. Raking open the coals in the centre of the lodge, he laid on the fuel, which presently blazed and gave a bright light. By its aid he discovered a spectacle that drove the blood from his heart into his face. There lay Chantay Washtay, fast asleep by the side of her quondam lover. Payton Skah unsheathed his knife and stood for a moment irresolute; but his better feelings prevailing, he returned it to its place in his belt, and left the lodge without awakening them. Going to another place, he laid himself down, but not to sleep.

'But when the east began to be streaked with grey, he brought his horse, his favorite steed, to the door of the tent. Just as he reached it, those within awoke, and the paramour of Chantay Washtay came forth and stood before him. He stood still. Fear of the famous hunter and renowned warrior kept him silent. Payton Skah, in a stern voice, commanded him to re-enter; and when he had obeyed followed him in. The guilty wife spoke not, but covered her face with her hands, till her husband directed her to light a fire and prepare food. She then rose and hung the earthen utensil over the fire, and the repast was soon

ready. At the command of Payton Skah she placed a wooden platter or bowl before him, and another for his unwilling guest. This last had now arrived at the conclusion that he was to die, and had screwed up his courage to meet his fate with the unshrinking fortitude of an Indian warrior. He ate, therefore, in silence, but without any sign of concern. When the repast was ended, Payton Skah produced his pipe, filled the bowl with tobacco mixed with the inner bark of the red willow, and, after smoking a few whiffs himself, gave it to the culprit. Having passed from one to the other till it was finished, the aggrieved husband ordered his wife to produce her clothing and effects, and pack them up in a bundle. This done he rose to speak.

“Another in my place,” he said to the young man, “had he detected you as I did last night, would have driven an arrow through you before you awoke. But my heart is strong, and I have hold of the heart of Chantay Washtay. You sought her before I did, and I see she would rather be your companion than mine. She is yours; and that you may be able to support her, take my horse, and my bow and arrows also. Take her and depart, and let peace be between us.”

At this speech, the wife, who had been trembling lest her nose should be cut off, and her lover, who had expected nothing less than death, recovered their assurance and left the lodge. Payton Skah remained; and while the whole band was singing his generosity, brooded over his misfortunes in sadness and silence.

Notwithstanding his boast of the firmness of his resolution, his mind was nearly unsettled by the shock. He had set his whole heart upon Tahtokah, and when the wound occasioned by his loss was healed, he had loved Chantay Washtay with all his might. He could vaunt of his indifference to any ill that woman could inflict to the warriors of his tribe, but the boast that they could have truly made, was not true coming from him.

Though one of the bravest of men, his heart was as soft as a woman's, in spite of precept and example. At this second blight of his affections, he fell into a settled melancholy, and one or two unsuccessful hunts convinced him that he was a doomed man; an object of the displeasure of God; and that he need never more look for any good fortune. A post dance, at which the performers alternately sung their exploits, brought this morbid state of feeling to a crisis. Like the rest, he recounted the deeds he had done, and declared that to expiate the involuntary offence he had committed against the Great Spirit, he would go to the Mandan village and throw away his body. All expostulation was vain; and the next morning he started on foot and alone to put his purpose in execution.

‘He travelled onward with a heavy heart, and the eighth evening found him on the bank of the Missouri, opposite the Mandan village. He swam the river, and saw the lights shine through the crevices, and heard the dogs bark at his approach. Nothing dismayed, he entered the village, and promenaded through it two or three times. He saw no man abroad, and impatient of delay, entered the principal lodge. Within he found two women, who spoke to him, but he did not answer. He drew his robe over his face, and sat down in a dark corner, intending to await the entrance of some warrior, by whose hands he might honorably die. The women addressed him repeatedly, but could not draw from him any reply. Finding him impenetrable, they took no further notice, but continued their conversation as if no one had been present. Had they known to what tribe he belonged they would have fled in terror; but they supposed him to be a Mandan. He gathered from it that the men of the village were all gone to the buffalo hunt, and would not return till morning. Most of the females were with them. Here then, was an opportunity to wreak his vengeance on the tribe such as had never before occurred, and would probably never occur again. But he refrained in spite of his Indian nature. He had not come to kill any one as on former occasions, but to lay down his own life; and he remained constant in his resolution.

‘If it be asked why the Mandans left their village in this defenceless condition, we answer, that Indian camps are frequently left in the same manner. Perhaps they relied on the broad and rapid river, to keep off any roving band of Dahcotahs that might come thither. Payton Skah sat in the lodge of his enemies till the tramp of a horse on the frozen earth, and the jingling of the little bells round his neck, announced that a warrior had returned from the hunt. Then the White Otter prepared to go to whatever lodge the Mandan might enter, and die by his arrows or tomahawk. But he had no occasion to stir. The horseman rode straight to the lodge in which he sat, dismounted, threw his bridle to a squaw, and entered. The women pointed to their silent guest, and related how unaccountably he had behaved. The new comer turned to Payton Skah and asked who and what he was. Then the Yankton, like Caius Marius within the walls of Corioli, rose, threw off his robe, and, drawing himself up with great dignity, bared his breast and spoke. “I am a man. Of that, Mandan, be assured. Nay, more: I am a Dahcotah, and my name is Payton Skah. You have heard it before. I have lost friends and kin by the arrows of your people, and well have I revenged them. See, on my head I wear ten feathers of the war-eagle. Now it is the will of the Master of life that I

should die, and to that purpose came I hither. Strike, therefore, and rid your tribe of the greatest enemy it ever had."

'Courage, among the aborigines, as charity among Christians, covereth a multitude of sins. The Mandan warrior cast on his undaunted foe a look in which respect, delight, and admiration were blended. He raised his war-club as if about to strike, but the Siou blenched not; not a nerve trembled—his eyelids did not quiver. The weapon dropped from the hand that held it. The Mandan tore open his own vestment, and said, "No, I will not kill so brave a man. But I will prove that my people are men also. I will not be outdone in generosity. Strike thou; then take my horse and fly."

'The Siou declined the offer, and insisted upon being himself the victim. The Mandan was equally pertinacious; and this singular dispute lasted till the latter at last held out his hand in token of amity. He commanded the women to prepare a feast, and the two generous foes sat down and smoked together. The brave of the Missouri accounted for speaking the Dahcotah tongue by saying that he was himself half a Siou. His mother had belonged to that tribe and so did his wife, having both been made prisoners. In the morning Payton Skah should see and converse with them. And the Yankton proffered, since it did not appear to be the will of the Great Spirit that he should die, to become the instrument to bring about a firm and lasting peace between the two nations.

'In the morning the rest of the band arrived, and were informed what visitor was in the village. The women screamed with rage and cried for revenge. The men grasped their weapons and rushed tumultuously to the lodge to obtain it. A great clamor ensued. The Mandan stood before the door, declaring that he would guarantee the rights of hospitality with his life. His resolute demeanor, as well as the bow and war club he held ready to make his words good, made the impression he desired. The Mandans recoiled, consulted, and the elders decided that Payton Skah must be carried as a prisoner to the council-lodge, there to abide the result of their deliberations.

'Payton Skah, indifferent to whatever might befall him, walked proudly to the place appointed in the midst of a guard of Mandans, and accompanied by the taunts and execrations of the squaws. The preliminary of smoking over, the consultation did not last long. His new friend related how the prisoner had entered the village, alone and unarmed, save with his knife; how he had magnanimously spared the women and children when at his mercy; and how he had offered to negotiate a peace between the two tribes. Admiration of his valor overcame the hostility of the Mandans. Their hatred vanished like snow before the

sun, and it was carried by acclamation, that he should be treated as became an Indian brave, and dismissed in safety and with honor.

‘At this stage of the proceedings a woman rushed into the lodge, broke through the circle of stern and armed warriors, and threw herself into the arms of the Dahcotah hero. It was Tahtokah, his first, his best beloved ! He did not return her caresses ; that would have derogated from his dignity ; but he asked her how she had escaped from the general slaughter at the Des Moines, and who was her present husband.

‘She pointed to the Mandan to whom he had offered his breast. He it was, she said, who had spared her, and subsequently taken her to wife. He now advanced and proposed to Payton Skah to be come his *kodah*, or comrade, and to receive his wife back again, two propositions to which the latter gladly assented. For according to the customs of the Dahcotahs, a wife may be lent to one’s *kodah* without any impropriety.

‘The Mandans devoted five days to feasting the gallant Yankton. At the end of that time he departed with his recovered wife, taking with him three horses laden with robes and other gifts bestowed on him by his late enemies. His *kodah* accompanied him half way on his return, with a numerous retinue, and at parting received his promise that he would soon return. We leave our readers to imagine the joy of Tahtokah at seeing her child again on her arrival among the Sioux, as well as the satisfaction of the tribe at hearing that its best man had returned from his perilous excursion alive and unhurt. In less than two months Payton Skah was again among the Mandans with six followers, who were hospitably received and entertained. An equal number of Mandans accompanied them on their return home, where they experienced the like treatment. As the intercourse between the tribes became more frequent hostilities were discontinued, and the feelings that prompted them were in time forgotten. The peace brought about as above related has continued without interruption to this day. As to Payton Skah, he recovered his health and spirits, was successful in war and the chase, and was finally convinced that the curse of the Almighty had departed from him.

Weenokhenchah Wandceteekah, or the Brave Woman, is another very agreeable story. The hero, *Toskatnay*, or the Woodpecker, is represented as a young *Dahcotah* of high pretensions on the score of intellectual and personal merit. He is rescued from an imminent danger by the courage and presence of mind of a copper-colored beauty, bearing the formidable

name just quoted, and without much previous attachment marries her out of gratitude. A well-stocked harem is, it seems, one of the principal means of political advancement among the Indians; and our Woodpecker, being of an ambitious turn, after a while espouses a second wife, of whose name we are not informed, but who is the daughter of a leading Chief, called the Heron. The two dames very naturally quarrel, and out of their differences grows the distress of the tale. We extract the conclusion, which begins with a pleasing description of the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Upper Mississippi.

‘There is nothing of the grandeur or sublimity, which the eye aches to behold at Niagara, about the falls of St. Anthony. But in wild and picturesque beauty it is perhaps unequalled. Flowing over a tract of country five hundred miles in extent, the river, here more than half a mile wide, breaks into sheets of foam and rushes to the pitch over a strongly inclined plane. The fall itself is not high, we believe only sixteen feet perpendicular, but its face is broken and irregular. Huge slabs of rock lie scattered below, in wild disorder. Some stand on their edges, leaning against the ledge from which they have been disunited. Some lie piled upon each other in the water, in inimitable confusion. A long, narrow island divides the fall nearly in the middle. Its eastern side is not perpendicular, but broken into three distinct leaps, below which the twisting and twirling eddies threaten destruction to any living thing that enters them. On the western side, in the boiling rapids below, a few rods from the fall, stands a little island, of a few yards area; rising steep from the waters, and covered with forest trees. At the time of our story, its mightiest oak was the haunt of a solitary bald eagle, that had built his eyrie on the topmost branches, beyond the reach of man. It was occupied by his posterity till the year eighteen hundred and twenty-three, when the time-honored crest of the vegetable monarch bowed and gave way before the northern tempest. The little islet was believed inaccessible, till two daring privates of the fifth regiment, at very low water, waded out in the river above, and ascending the fall by means of the blocks of stone before mentioned, forded the intervening space, and were the first of their species that ever set foot upon it.

‘Large trunks of trees frequently drift over, and diving into the chasms of the rocks, never appear again. The loon, or great northern diver, is also, at moulting time, when he is unable to rise from the water, often caught in the rapids. When he finds himself drawn in, he struggles with fate for a while, but finding escape impossible, he faces downwards and goes over, screaming

horribly. These birds sometimes make the descent unhurt. Below, the rapids foam and roar and tumble for half a mile, and then subside into the clear, gentle current that continues unbroken to the Rock River Rapids; and at high water to the Gulf of Mexico. Here too, the high bluffs which enclose the Mississippi commence. Such was the scene at the time of this authentic history, but now it is mended or marred, according to the taste of the spectator, by the works of the sons of Adam. It can shew its buildings, its saw-mill, its grist-mill, its cattle, and its cultivated fields. Nor is it unadorned with traditional honors. A Siou can tell you how the enemy in the darkness of midnight, deceived by the false beacons lighted by his ancestors, paddled his canoe into the rapids, from which he never issued alive. He can give a good guess too, what ghosts haunt the spot, and what spirits abide there.

‘To return to our story: Toskatnay and his band passed the falls and raised their lodges a few rods above the rapids. It so happened that evening, that a violent quarrel arose between the two wives, which the presence of some of the elders only, prevented from ending in cuffing and scratching. When the master of the lodge returned, he rebuked them both, but the weight of his anger fell on Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah, though in fact, the dispute had been fastened on her by the other. She replied nothing to his reproaches, but his words sunk deep into her bosom, for he had spoken scornfully of her, saying that no Siou had so pitiful a wife as himself. She sobbed herself to sleep, and when the word was given in the morning to strike the tents, she was the first to rise and set about it.

‘While the business of embarkation was going on, it so chanced that the child of the poor woman crawled in the way of her rival, and received a severe kick from her. This was too much for the mother. Vociferating such terms as are current only at Billingsgate and in Indian camps, for squaws are not remarkable for delicacy of expression, she fastened upon the Heron’s daughter tooth and nail, who was not slow to return the compliment. Luckily their knives were wrested from them by the by-standers, or one or both would have been killed on the spot. This done, the men laughed and the women screamed, but none offered to part them, till Toskatnay, who was busy at the other end of the camp, patching a birch canoe, heard the noise, and came and separated them by main force. He was highly indignant at an occurrence that must bring ridicule upon him. The Heron’s daughter he reprov’d, but Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah he struck with his paddle repeatedly, and threatened to put her away. This filled the cup of her misery to overflowing: she looked at him indignantly and said, “You shall

never reproach me again." She took up her child and moved away, but he, thinking it no more than an ordinary fit of sullenness, paid no attention to her motions.

'His unkindness at this time had the effect of confirming a project that she had long revolved in her mind, and she hastened to put it in execution. She embarked in a canoe with her child, and pushing from the shore, entered the rapids before she was perceived. When she was seen, both men and women, among whom her husband was the most earnest, followed her on the shore, entreating her to land ere it was too late. The river was high, so that it was impossible to intercept her, yet Toskatinay, finding his entreaties of no avail, would have thrown himself into the water to reach the canoe, had he not been withheld by his followers. Had this demonstration of interest occurred the day before, it is possible that her purpose would have been forgotten. As it was, she shook her open hand at him in scorn, and held up his child for him to gaze at. She then began to sing, and her song ran thus.

"A cloud has come over me. My joys are turned to grief. Life has become a burden too heavy to bear, and it only remains to die.

"The Great Spirit calls, I hear his voice in the roaring waters. Soon, soon, shall they close over my head, and my song shall be heard no more.

"Turn thine eyes hither, proud chief. Thou art brave in battle, and all are silent when thou speakest in council. Thou hast met death, and hast not been afraid.

"Thou hast braved the knife, and the axe; and the shaft of the enemy has passed harmless by thee.

"Thou hast seen the warrior fall. Thou hast heard him speak bitter words with his last breath.

"But hast thou ever seen him dare more than a woman is about to do?

"Many speak of thy deeds. Old and young echo thy praises. Thou art the star the young men look upon, and thy name shall be long heard in the land.

"But when men tell of thy exploits, they shall say, 'He slew his wife also!' Shame shall attend thy memory.

"I slew the ravenous beast that was about to destroy thee. I planted thy corn, and made thee garments and moccasins.

"When thou wast an hungry, I gave thee to eat, and when thou wast athirst, I brought thee cold water. I brought thee a son also, and I never disobeyed thy commands.

"And this is my reward! Thou hast laughed at me. Thou hast given me bitter words, and struck me heavy blows.

“Thou hast preferred another before me, and thou hast driven me to wish for the approach of death, as for the coming winter.

“My child, my child ! Life is a scene of sorrow. I had not the love of a mother, did I not snatch thee from the woes thou must endure.

“Adorn thy wife with ornaments of white metal, Toskatnay. Hang beads about her neck. Be kind to her, and see if she will ever be to thee as I.”

So saying, or rather singing, she went over the fall with her child, and they were seen no more.

* * * * *

One year precisely from this time, Toskatnay followed the track of a bear which he had wounded, to the brink of the falls. He halted opposite the spot where Weenokhenchah Wandeetee-kah had disappeared, and gazed on the foaming rapid. What was passing in his mind it is impossible to say. He had reached the summit of his ambition. He was acknowledged a chief, and he had triumphed over the Beaver and the Chippeways. But she for whose sake he had spurned the sweetest flowers of life, true love and fond fidelity, had proved faithless to him, and fled to the Missouri with another man. He had nothing farther to look for, no higher eminence to attain, and his reflections were like those of him who wept because he had no more worlds to conquer. A strange occurrence roused him from his reverie. A snow-white doe, followed by a fawn of the same color, came suddenly within the sphere of his vision ; so suddenly, that they seemed to him to come out of the water. Such a sight had never before been seen by any of his tribe. He stood rooted to the ground. He who had never feared the face of man, trembled like an aspen with superstitious terror. The animals, regardless of his presence, advanced slowly towards him and passed so near that he might have touched them with his gun. They ascended the bank and he lost sight of them. When they were fairly out of sight, he recovered from the shock, and stretching out his arms after them, conjured them to return. Finding his adjurations vain, he rushed up the bank, but could see nothing of them, which was the more remarkable as the prairie had just been burned over, and for a mile there was no wood or inequality in the ground, that could have concealed a much smaller animal than a deer.

He returned to his lodge, made a solemn feast, at which his relatives were assembled, and sung his death-song. He told his wondering auditors that he had received a warning to prepare for his final change. He had seen the spirits of his wife and child. No one presumed to contradict his opinion. Whether founded in reason or not, it proved true in point of fact. Three

weeks after, the camp was attacked by the Chippeways. They were repulsed, but Toskatnay, and he only, was killed.

‘No stone tells where he lies, nor can any of the Dahcotahs shew the spot. His deeds are forgotten, or at best, faintly remembered; thus showing “on what foundation stands the warrior’s pride;” but his wife still lives in the memory of her people, who speak of her by the name of Weenokhenschah Wandeteekah, or the Brave Woman.’

ART. X.—*The Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man.* By Dugald Stewart. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1828.

The name of Dugald Stewart is one of the few, which, of late years, serve to relieve in part the character of the mother country from the charge of a comparative neglect of the great sciences of intellectual and moral philosophy. His writings upon these all-important subjects, if not the most powerful, are perhaps the most engaging in form, and consequently the most attractive to the general reader, in the language. In the works of the late Dr. Parr, we find a complimentary note addressed to Stewart, in which he is described as superior, for the union of fine taste and deep thought, to all other writers since the time of Bacon. This eulogy partakes of the exaggeration, which habitually marked the manner of the great Hellenist. Various writers, posterior to Bacon, might be mentioned, who combined with at least an equal command of language a higher power of original thinking, as, for instance, Shaftsbury, Berkeley, Hume, Burke, and Adam Smith. But none of these or of the others, who might fairly be considered as belonging to this class, with the exception perhaps of Hume, have pretended to give us a complete body of intellectual and moral science; and the remark of Parr, if considered as limited to such as have done this, might be received as substantially true. Locke, with a much superior power of thought, and with a plain, manly, and substantially good style, wants taste and elegance, and is undoubtedly, on the whole, much less attractive. Hume was perhaps superior in taste as well as natural acuteness and sagacity to Stewart; but such were the strange aberrations of his intellect, when applied to the study of metaphysics and morals,